

Mrs Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A Monthly Unitarian Journal.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

With an Eight Page Supplement of "RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES."

No. 3.—VOL. XIX.]

MARCH, 1875.

[NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

BISMARCK'S LAST PHRASE.—"Subjective conscience above objective law," is Bismarck's last phrase for characterising the Ultramontane position.

A NEW SOCIETY AT GUILDFORD.—A gentleman writes us:—"Our movement in Guildford is now fairly launched as the Guildford Unitarian Christian Church. I trust we may never withdraw the foot, but hold firmly the ground we occupy."

DISESTABLISHMENT.—Some of the London daily papers, as well as some members of Parliament, that have hitherto not been committed to the disestablishment of the Church, now begin to say that the separation of the Church from the State is inevitable. This is to be the next great conflict of our country.

LOUIS BLANC ON THE PAPACY.—In a recent paper he says:—"Not satisfied with declaring war against liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, and liberty of the press, the Papacy attacks the constituent powers of all civil society and the independence of States;" and he accuses the Catholics of wishing to replace a God who made Himself man by a man-made God.

THE MEMORIAL HALL.—At the opening of this hall, erected by the Congregationalists of London, and which does great credit to their spirit and generosity, and for whom we have nothing but good wishes, the name of Milton was received with pleasure. While not one person who represented Milton's Unitarian belief was invited to the ceremony, other Nonconformists were.

ASSAILANTS OF CHRISTIANITY.—At the present day some of the most ill-natured and ignorant attacks on Christianity come from men who owe their learning, position, and everything to Christianity. Herbert Spencer says that among the Fijians "one of the first lessons taught the infant is to strike his mother." Something very similar is going on among us in Christendom.

NOISY PEOPLE.—The Persians say of noisy, unreasonable talk, "I hear the sound of the millstone, but I see no meal."

RESOLUTIONS.—Some men mourn that they have made and broken so many resolutions. It is sad that you have broken them, but thank heaven you made them.

BY THEIR WORKS.—A recent writer in the *Inquirer* says he is most in sympathy with what are called advanced Unitarians; but "what work is being done among Unitarians at all of a philanthropic nature is mainly done by the Conservative school among them."

THE APPROACHING UNION.—The American religious papers are much engaged in discussing the probable early union of the Unitarians and the Congregationalists. The *Christian Era* expresses itself as interested in the "coming together of Trinitarian and Unitarian Congregationalists," and speaks of those who behold "evidence that one body is being moved by the 'Gulf Stream' from its old warm location to meet another body drifting in the 'Polar current' away from its Arctic home."

A NEW RELIGIOUS MOVER.—The *Friend of India* states that a new religious movement has arisen in the Goorjats. The leader is called Dhulee Babajee, literally, "Father of Dust," probably because he always sleeps on the bare ground. Babajee eats but one meal a day, drinks only milk and water, and never uses narcotics. His dress consists of a strip of bark. He denounces idolatry, caste, the Brahmins, and the use of spirituous liquors. He teaches the worship of the Creator and Preserver of the world, the practice of prayer to God, truth, charity, and chastity. He has thousands of disciples, who have come from nearly every caste. Whole villages have given up their idols and have adopted his precepts. His followers have a number of hymns in praise of the indescribable God, which contain some ideas that must have been derived from Christian books. We cannot but add, God bless the reformer and long spare his life. And we are sure all our Churches say, Amen, and Amen.

PERSEVERING PATIENCE.—We have heard of a young lady who has sent one hundred and sixteen pieces of poetry to a newspaper, and though all have been rejected, she is struggling with another.

BRIGHTON UNITARIAN CHAPEL.—For some years past there has been an unhappy feeling among us about the renunciation of the Unitarian name at this chapel. We can now say, as was once said to King George the IV., when inquiring one day as he passed the chapel, to what sect the chapel belonged, "To the Unitarians, your Majesty," said the respondent. It is said that the king replied, "Very chaste, very elegant, like the Unitarian religion!" We presume he would have had some difficulty of saying anything, if he had been told the foolish story that it belonged to *no sect*, or might possibly have replied, "That is the last new sect, the narrowest of all."

ESSEX-STREET CHAPEL.—In a current number of "Old and New London" there is a notice of the above chapel. We copy a few words. "On the west side of Essex-street is a once noted chapel of the Unitarian body, in which in the course of the last hundred years have ministered in succession Theophilus Lindsey, Dr. Disney, Thomas Belsham, and Thomas Madge. Of the founder of this Unitarian chapel it may be well here to add a few particulars. His name was Theophilus Lindsey, and he was a godson of the Earl of Huntingdon, in whose family his mother had resided. He became chaplain to Algernon, Duke of Somerset, and after the duke's death was continued in the same post by the duchess, who sent him abroad with her grandson, the Duke of Northumberland, as tutor. In 1773, on account of scruples which he had long cherished, he resigned his Yorkshire living and removed to London, openly confessing himself a convert to Unitarianism. His wife was a step-daughter of Archdeacon Blackburne, a lady whose principles and views were congenial to his own. He preached his first sermon in this new capacity at Essex House in 1774, and the new chapel was opened shortly after, Benjamin Franklin, with many other eminent men of the time, being present. He acted as pastor of it for nearly twenty years, during the latter part being assisted by Dr. Disney, who had also seceded from the Church of England. He died in November, 1808, at the age of eighty-five, and was buried at Bunhill Fields. Whatever we may think of the creed which he adopted, we can have but one opinion of his honesty and courage, and must admire the man who in a selfish and thoughtless age could sacrifice his worldly prospects to his conscience."

INFALLIBILITY BELIEVED IN.—The *Tablet* believes that the Pope is infallible. It says: "The Pope is to the Bible much the same as the judge is to the statutes, the guardian and interpreter of them, save that by divine providence the Pope cannot err, where to err would be to convulse the religious faith of the Christian world."

A FACT TO BE REMEMBERED.—It is a fact that God's care is more evident in some instances of it than in others to the dim and often bewildered vision of humanity. Upon such instances men seize and call them providences. It is well that they can, but it would be gloriously better if they could believe that the whole matter is one grand providence.—*George MacDonald.*

MR. SPURGEON AND THE JEWS.—Some interesting correspondence is published in the *Jewish Chronicle* between the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Lissack, of Bedford. It appears that the latter gentleman had read a printed sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's entitled "Providence—as seen in the Book of Esther," and, says Mr. Lissack, as one of "God's chosen people"—who are the theme of that discourse, I need hardly say that I read with a degree of interest some of your well-defined illustrations of the love and care evinced by the "God of Abraham" to His chosen people who worship Him in the true light. I was, however, rather perplexed that after such a liberal and enlightened dissertation, you have fallen into the same error as many other mistaken Christians. You say, "We believe that God has an elect people, and therefore do we preach in the hope that we may be the means in the hands of His spirit to bring His elect people to Christ." What! would you be a party to hinder "God's elect people" from worshipping the "living God of Abraham" in accordance with "the true light committed to them," and bring them to worship a "man god" who died on the Cross (I quote your own words, and not in the least offensive spirit), the followers of whom abrogate the solemn injunctions of the "Living God of Abraham," to "His elect people?" No. I fully believe it was simply a passing remark. Believing thus, permit me to ask, that whilst you justly exclaim against the cruel deeds of Haman and Pharaoh, do you not believe that "God's elect people" of the present day suffer cruelly at the hands of some modern Hamans even in this enlightened and free country, who are continually on the alert to lead Israel astray, to snare loving children of tender age from the bosom of loving parents (who worship the God of Abraham) that they may follow a "strange God whom they do not know?"

THE FITNESS OF CHRISTIANITY FOR MANKIND.

SUPPOSING Christianity had committed itself to any scientific statements or to any scientific method, it could never have been fitted to expand with the expansion of knowledge, to be a religion for a race which is continually advancing in scientific knowledge. If it had bound itself up with the knowledge of its time, it would naturally be subject now to repeated and ruinous blows. If it had anticipated the final discoveries of science and revealed them, nobody would have believed it then, and nobody would probably believe it now. Christianity committed itself to nothing. "Yours is not my province," it said to Science. "Do your best in your own sphere with a single eye to truth: I will do my best in mine. Let us not throw barriers in each other's way. The less we obstruct each other the more chance there is of our finding in the end union in the main ideas which regulate both our worlds in the mind of God."

Foolish men have mixed it up with science, and endeavoured to bind each down upon the bed of the other; to make science Christian and Christianity scientific, but the result has always been a just rebellion on both sides. The worst evil has been the unhallowed and forced alliance of the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Bible, or of the infallibility of the Church to Christianity. The moment science was truly born, war to the death arose against a form of Christianity which violated the original neutrality of Christianity towards the pure intellect and its pursuit of its own truths. But get rid of this alliance, and how is Christianity in opposition to science? What is to prevent its being a religion fit for a man in that future when the youngest child will know more than the philosopher of to-day? It is no more in actual opposition to science than poetry is.

"The river glideth at its own sweet will,"

I suppose no scientific man would run a tilt at that. Its thought, its feeling, the impression it is intended to convey, are all out of the sphere of science. Nevertheless, the natural philosopher recognises that it appeals to his imagi-

nation. He receives pleasure from it; he accepts it as true in its own sphere. But if he were told that the writer claimed infallibility for his expression, said that it expressed not only a certain touch of human feeling about the river, but also the very physical truth about the movement of the river, he would naturally be indignant. "You have left your own ground," he would say to the poet, "where you were supreme, and you have come into mine, where, by the very hypothesis of your art, you are a stranger. You claim my obedience here in my own kingdom; the absolute surrender of my reason in a realm where reason is the rightful lord. You may be a poet, but you are denying the first principles of your art."

Precisely the same might be said to those who are ill-informed enough to connect the spirit and life of Christianity with efforts to suppress physical science or historical criticism as tending to infidelity, or as weakening Christian truth. It might be said to them by a wise scholar, "You may be Christians, but you are doing all the harm you can to Christianity. You are endeavouring to bind an elastic and expanding spirit into a rigid mould in which it will be suffocated. You are fettering your living truth to physical and historical theories which have been proved to be false and dead, and your Christianity will suffer as the living man suffered when the cruel king bound him to the corpse. Your special form of Christianity will grow corrupt and die, for it attacks truth." But if some Christian people have gone out of their sphere, there are not wanting philosophers to do the same. "I know nothing of God and immortality," says Science, and with an air as if that settled the question. "I should think you did not," Christianity would gravely answer; "no one ever imagined that you could; but I do; I do know a great deal about those wonderful realities, and I have given my knowledge of them to millions of the human race, who have received it, proved it through toil and pain, and found it powerful to give life in the hour of death." "Proved it," answers Science, "not in my way, the only way worth having, the way which makes a

thing clear to the understanding." But there are hundreds of things which are not, and cannot be, submitted to such a proof. We cannot subject the action of any of the passions to the explanations of the understanding. By reasoning alone we cannot say what an envious, jealous, self-sacrificing or joyful man may do next, nor explain his previous actions. One might far more easily predict the actions of a madman.

We cannot give any reason for love at first sight, or, what is less rare but as real, friendship at first sight. We cannot divide into compartments the heart and soul of any one person in the world, saying, This is the boundary of that feeling; so far this quality will carry the man in life. For the understanding is but a secondary power in man. It can multiply distinctions. It cannot see the springs of life where the things are born about which it makes distinctions.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

What tells us that is poetry? The voice of the understanding? Night's candles are burnt out," it says; "it is a ridiculous statement of the fact that the stars have ceased to shine. Day never stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. Is that poetry? It is nonsense." But the understanding rarely acts alone in this way; a higher power in man proves to him, he cannot tell how, that the lines are magnificent poetry—nay, that the poetry is in the very passages which the understanding despises.

Let each keep to their own spheres, and do their work therein. Christianity has no weapons in her original armoury which can be wielded against Science, and Science cannot attack spiritual truths with purely intellectual weapons. No one asks for a spiritual proof that the earth goes round the sun; it is equally absurd to ask for a purely intellectual proof of the existence of an all-loving Father. And it would be wiser if Science kept her hands off Christianity. Mankind will bear a great deal, but it will not long bear the denial of a God of love, the attempt to thief away the hope of being perfect and our divine faith in immortality. These things are more precious than all

physical discoveries. The efforts made to rob us of them, when they are made—and they are but rarely made—are not to be patiently endured.

It really does not make much matter to the race in general whether the whole science of geology were proved to-morrow to have been proceeding on a wrong basis, or whether the present theory of force be true or not; but it would make the most serious matter to mankind if they knew for certain to-morrow that there was no God of justice and love, or that immortality was a fond invention. The amount of suppressed and latent belief in these truths, which we should then discover in men who now deny them, would be perhaps the strangest thing we should observe; but it hath not entered into the heart of man to imagine the awfulness of the revolution which, following on this denial, would penetrate into every corner of human nature and human life.

Both Science and Christianity have vital and precious truths of their own to give to men, and they can develop together without interfering with each other. Should Science increase its present knowledge tenfold, there is nothing it can discover which will enable it to close up that religion in man where the spirit communes in prayer and praise with its Father, where the longing for rest is content in the peace of forgiveness, where the desire of being perfect in unselfishness is satisfied by union with the activity of the unselfish God, where sorrow feels its burden lightened by divine sympathy, where strength is given to overcome evil, where, as decay and death grow upon the outward frame, the inner spirit begins to put forth its wings, and to realise more nearly the eternal summer of his presence in whom there is fulness of life in fulness of love. No; as Christianity can expand to fit into the progress of politics, and to adapt itself to the demands of art, so it can also throw away, without losing one feature of its original form, rather by returning to its purer type, all the elements opposed to the advance of science which men have added to its first simplicity.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

A COMING STRUGGLE.—The *Independent* shows plainly that the next question before the Calvinistic Churches is the revision of the Westminster Catechism. It says in regard to Calvin's belief on infant damnation:—"There has been an enormous amount of subterfuge and prevarication, and not a little square lying, by Calvinistic partisans in regard to the position on this subject of the Genevese Reformer, and it is about time it was stopped."

ORTHODOX UNIFORMITY.—We once heard an enthusiastic member of the English Church commend the Establishment because of its uniformity of faith; and not unfrequently our orthodox brethren ask us for a uniformity we are sure they do not possess. So the *Universalist* says that, "when any representative of that chameleon designated to-day as orthodoxy, tosses a sneer at Unitarianism on account of its heterogeneous make-up, he is engaged in very perilous amusement."

THE TRUE REASON FOR MISSION WORK.—At a recent Unitarian gathering, one of the speakers had the true ring of an apostle in his tones when he said: "Unitarians believe that they have a broader, grander conception of God and humanity, and therefore they should go among their neighbours and friends inviting them to come and see." The speaker thought the Unitarians should exercise special control over those who were sceptically inclined, as they, intelligent and refined as they were, were generally those who have grown tired and disgusted with the old forms and doctrines, and desired something new and broad.

VICTOR HUGO ON THE FUTURE LIFE.—All great minds cling to this, the best of all thoughts, so full of sustaining power—a future endless life. We are reminded of the value of this hope in an address delivered recently in Paris by Victor Hugo at the funeral of a dear friend. After extolling the virtues and graces of the departed, he said:—"Is it not the end of life that we see? No! for the heart which remains continues to love, and the soul that is gone continues to live. Death is but the beginning, not of another love, for the love here below was complete, but of another light. . . . Life is a problem; death is the solution. I repeat, and it is with this I will conclude, the tomb is neither dark nor empty. It is full of light. Let him who now speaks to you be permitted to regard that illumination. He whose existence here below is nearly finished—he whose ambition is altogether in the tomb, has a right to salute in the sublime sepulchre that immense Star God."

AN INTERESTING REPORT.—Mr. Müller has issued his yearly "Brief Narrative of Facts" in connection with his Orphan Houses near Bristol. He says that since the formation of the institution in 1834, he has obtained, simply in answer to prayer, £617,000. Thirty-eight thousand children or grown-up persons have been taught in his various schools, besides the tens of thousands who have been benefited in assisted schools.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.—An interesting document has been issued, which shows that during the three last years more has been done in England for education, and more progress made than at any former period of her history. The room accommodation for school children has been raised from 1,786,000 in 1869, to 2,600,000, or something over 11 per cent. of the population; and the average attendance has risen from 1,033,675 to 1,528,453 in 1873. A most satisfactory exhibit is made of the supply of teachers. There were in 1869 12,027 certified teachers, and in 1873, 16,735; and of pupil teachers the numbers had doubled from 12,042 to 25,127.

THE ARCH-REBEL.—Mr. Gladstone very justly remarks in his last pamphlet: "Sad then as it is, and scarcely credible as it may appear, that this great officer of religion, the Pope, who guides a moiety or thereabouts of Christendom, who

'Looks from his throne of clouds
o'er half the world,'

is hopelessly implicated in the double error; first, that he makes the restoration of his temporal power a matter of religious duty and necessity; secondly, that he seeks the accomplishment of that bad end through the outrage of a foreign intervention against the people of Rome, and through the breaking up of the great Italian Kingdom."

A CONFUSED ORTHODOXY.—The *Springfield Republican* is poking fun at the departure of orthodoxy, and the *New York Observer* advertises, "Strayed or Stolen from the Congregational Churches." "1. Total depravity, or, with whatever natural amiableness, the utter destitution of holiness. 2. The proper divinity of Christ. 3. The atonement, as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of men. 4. Election, or the eternal purpose of God to save those whom he actually saves. 5. Regeneration, or the renewal of the heart by the Holy Spirit. 6. Justification, not on the ground of merit but by faith alone. 7. The perseverance unto the end, through the promised grace of God, of all who are truly renewed. 8. The endless punishment of the finally impenitent." For whose recovery a liberal reward will be paid.

A STORY OF ST. MARK'S EVE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

ST. MARK'S DAY is a festival which has been observed on the 25th of April, in Catholic countries, from time immemorial. The superstition alluded to in the following story was formerly very generally believed, and vigils in the church porch at midnight were common.

"I hope it'll choke thee!" said Master Giles, the yeoman; and as he said it, he banged his big red fist on the old oak table. "I do say I hope it'll choke thee!"

The dame made no reply. She was choking with passion and a fowl's liver, which was the cause of the dispute. Much has been said and sung concerning the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people; but the quarrels of this Kentish couple arose from too great coincidence in their tastes. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question, but the dame had managed to secure the morsel to herself. This was sufficient to cause a storm of high words, which properly understood, signifies very low language. Their meal times seldom passed over without some contention of this sort. As sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they; being in fact equally greedy and disagreeable; and when they did pick a quarrel, they picked it to the bone.

It was reported that, on some occasions, they had not even contented themselves with hard speeches, but had come to scuffling; he taking to boxing and she to pinching, though in a far less amicable manner than is practised by the taker of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with "wishing each other dead with all their hearts;" and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces; for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind.

Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark's, a saint who was supposed on that festival to favour his votaries with a peep into the book of fate. For it was the popular belief in those days that if a

person should keep watch at midnight beside the church, the apparition of all those of the parish who were to be taken by death before the next anniversary would be seen entering the porch. The yeoman, like his neighbours, believed most devoutly in this superstition; and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him that the eve was at hand, when, by observing the rites of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight, he stole quietly out of the house, and set forth on his way to the church.

In the meantime the dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and, having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand.

The night of the saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal; the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as sluggish masses of cloud were driven slowly from her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them to each other a few yards apart. Both, through a natural panic, became pale as ghosts; and both made eagerly towards the church porch. Much as they had wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to stones; and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other.

The two came to one conclusion; each conceiving that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower elect hied home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired to separate chambers, each ignorant of the other's excursion.

By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforetime, they came down together, and each being secretly in the best humour, though mutually suspected of the worst. Amongst other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one

of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she could give up sweet-breads for one year; and the farmer made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse they divided the treat; and then having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas until then they had seldom gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other as being already in the churchyard.

On the morrow, which happened to be the dame's birthday, the farmer was the first to wake; and *knowing what he knew*, and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, *who knew as much as he*, very readily wished him the same; having, in truth, but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, at dinner to give the fowl's liver to the doomed man; considering that when he was dead and gone she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many titbits. Their feeling toward each other was that of an impatient host with regard to the unwelcome guest, showing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality when made certain of his departure.

In this manner they went on for some six months, without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever, yet living in subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even amongst couples of sincerer affections. There were as many causes for quarrel as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present and thought only of the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) "*as good as dead.*"

Ten months wore away, and the

farmer's birthday arrived in its turn. The dame, who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamed, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and, with a sigh, wished him many years to come. The farmer repaid her in kind, the sigh included; his own visions having been of the painful sort; for he dreamed of having a headache from wearing a black hat-band, and the malady still clung to him while awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy, on both sides; and when dinner came, although the most favourite dishes were upon the board, they could not eat. The farmer resting his elbows on the board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistfully on his wife. The dame, leaning back in her high arm-chair, regarded the yeoman quite as ruefully. Their minds, travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection; but the farmer was the first to give it utterance.

"Thee'd be *missed*, dame, if thee were to die!"

The dame started. Although she had nothing but death at that moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit. Recovering, however, from the shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she rejoined in the same spirit,

"I wish, master, thee may live so long as I!"

The farmer, in his own mind, wished to live rather longer; for, at the utmost, he considered that his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run; the calculation made him sorrowful; during the last four months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humour, and conformed her own inclinations to his, in a manner that could never be supplied.

His wife being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly "that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone."

The dame this time heard the survivorship foreboded without starting; but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doomed

man. So perfect was her faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had never seen the symptoms of mortal disease as palpable as plague spots on the devoted yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her that it was imperative on her as a Christian to warn the unsuspecting farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly, with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a *memento mori* face, she broached the matter in the following question:

"Master, how bee's't thou?"

"As hearty as a buck, dame; and I wish thee the like."

A dead silence ensued; the farmer was as unprepared as ever. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently; an experiment which has never answered, any more than with ironstone china. The dame felt this; and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him in as many words, that he was a dead man.

It was now the yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the dame's death-warrant was just ready on his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen.

"Thee hast watched, dame, at the church porch, then?"

"Ay, master."

"And thee didst see me spiritously?"

"In the brown wrap, with the best hose. Thee were coming to the church by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge."

For a minute the farmer paused; but the next he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter; peal after peal, each higher than the rest. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon. She thought it a delirium; a lightening before death; and was beginning to wring her hands and lament, when she was checked by the merry yeoman:

"Dame, thee bee's't a fool. It was I myself thee see'd at the church porch. I see'd thee, too, with a notice to quit

upon thy face; but thanks to God thee bee's't a living; and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten month!"

The dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms around her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, by practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the country. But it must be said that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other in safety over the perilous anniversary of St Mark's Eve.

The moral this story conveys is one which might prove a useful monitor to us all, if we could keep it in daily remembrance. Few, indeed, are so coarse in their manifestations of ill-temper as this Kentish couple are described; but we all indulge, more or less, in unreasonable fretfulness, and petty acts of selfishness, in the relation of husband and wife, parents and children, brother and sister, in fact, in all the relations of life. It would help us greatly to be kind, forbearing, and self-sacrificing towards neighbours, friends, and relatives, if it were always present to our minds that death may speedily close our intercourse with them in this world.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DECALOGUE.

REV. DR. E. O. HAVEN has lately given the following as "The Sunday-school Teacher's Decalogue:"—

1. Pray for inspiration, wisdom, and patience.
2. Have faith in your convictions.
3. Respect your pupils.
4. Understand your own purpose.
5. Obtain the attention and affection of your pupils.
6. Express thought precisely, and illustrate freely.
7. Teach arrangement and classification.
8. Remember Christ's test: By their fruits ye shall know them.
9. Review frequently.
10. Expect great results.

No one but God alone can measure the results of an hour spent every Sunday in the kind and faithful instruction of the young. Our duty is clear.

the same purity for their place of worship as the rulers claimed for theirs. The dealers were driven out in a moment before the excited people.

The fourth Gospel places this act, the driving the dealers out of the Temple, at the first visit of Jesus to Jerusalem. The other Gospels place it with greater probability at his last visit. The disturbance thus made in the city led to his arrest, and crucifixion. The ruling Jews, whose chief wish was to keep the people quiet, and to give no offence to their Roman masters, could not allow a religious reformer to preach if it led to any disturbance.

The fourth Gospel differs from the others in the use of the word Jew. It had two meanings. Jesus and his first disciples all thought themselves Jews. But the rulers in Jerusalem would have told them that they were not, because most of them were Galileans. The crowds who flocked to hear him when he entered Jerusalem thought themselves Jews; but the rulers would not let them worship before the altar elsewhere than in the court of the Gentiles. So in the fourth Gospel the ruling few who put Jesus to death are called the Jews. Nathaniel is called an Israelite, not a Jew. In the other Gospels the word Jew is rarely used.

The Book of Revelation agrees with the Fourth Gospel in giving to the word Jew its narrow meaning. But it differs inasmuch as while in the Fourth Gospel the ruling Jews are the enemies of Jesus, in the Book of Revelation they are, when converted to Christianity, the true saints.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

WHEN I consider the source whence Christianity sprang, the humility of its origin, the poverty of its disciples, and the mighty sway that it so soon acquired, I own the awful presence of the Godhead—nothing less than a Divinity could have done it. The powers, the prejudices, the superstitions of the earth were all in arms against it; it had neither sword nor sceptre; its Founder was in rags; its Apostles were lowly fishermen; its Prophets humble and uneducated; its cradle was a manger;

its home a dungeon; its earthly diadem a crown of thorns! And yet forth it went—that lowly, humble, persecuted spirit—and the idols of the heathen fell; and the thrones of the mighty trembled; and Paganism saw her peasants and her princes kneel down and worship the unarmed conqueror. I ask the sceptic to produce from all the wisdom of the earth so pure a system of practical morality, a code of ethics more sublime in its conception, more simple in its plan, more happy or more potent in its operation, and if he cannot do this, then I say to him, "Oh! in the name of our common humanity, filch not its guide from youth, its shield from manhood, its crutch from age!" If the light I follow lead astray, still is it light from Heaven. The good, and great, and wise are my companions—my delightful hope is harmless if not holy; wake me not to a disappointment here, which in *your tomb of annihilation* I shall not taste hereafter! Christianity is the amulet with which we guard our children, the consecrated circle which we draw around our homes. It is the rampart raised by the Almighty for the protection of mankind—it stands between us and the lava of human passions; and, oh! believe me, if you stand tamely by whilst it is undermined, the fiery deluge will roll on, before which all you hold dear, or venerable, or sacred, will wither into ashes. Believe not that the friends of freedom are enemies of Christianity; they know too well that rebellion against God cannot be the basis of government for man, and that the proudest structure impiety can raise is but a Babel monument that mocks the builders with a moment's strength, and then covers them with confusion, the fall of the idol extinguishing the flame of the altar. It is easier to desolate than to create; it may be possible to ruin, it is impracticable to restore. I imbibed in my youth, and I look forward to as the consolation of my age, those all-protecting Christian truths which at once guard, and consecrate, and sweeten the social intercourse; which give to life happiness, and to death hope; and which make man's goodness his best protection.—*Charles Phillips.*

THE SOLITUDE OF UNBELIEF.

"WITHOUT God and without hope in the enormous machine of the universe, amid the incessant whirl of its iron wheels, amid the deafening crash of its ponderous stamps and hammers, in the midst of this terrific commotion, man, a helpless and defenceless creature, finds himself placed, not secure for a moment that on an imprudent motion a wheel may not seize and rend him, or a hammer crush him to powder. This sense of abandonment is at first awful."

The above language is attributed to the late David Frederic Strauss, used in describing his perilous position after he had lost all faith in God. Nor is there anywhere such expression of utter helplessness and abandonment. Strauss was a good man, and, doubtless, honest with himself; but his want of faith, and a seeming incapacity to exercise it, make his confession one of the saddest ever uttered. There are men, however, who believe in a God whom they represent, so far as his influence in the moral world is concerned, a million times worse than no God; for out of his arrangements and disposal of things is to come *endless ruin*—a condition inconceivably worse than annihilation to the largest part of the human family. Atheism is bad enough, but endless misery makes God the greatest calamity possible to the universe. And yet those very persons who believe in a God who created and sustains a place of endless misery, condole the solitude of a man destitute of faith in Christianity. Why, if he and his friends should perish, and come to nothingness beneath the hammers and stamps of the universe, the universe is more worthy of respect and consideration of man a thousand fold than a God who stamps and confines his children in eternal torments. Our orthodox saints seem to think that a multitudinous hell is better than the solitude of unconsciousness—that a tormenting Omnipotence is better than the unfeeling forces of nature. It is not strange that there are Atheists, unbelievers, and sceptics, when such ideas of God are taught in the pulpits of the land—when such views of him are attempted to be forced upon the minds

of the people. If the popular doctrines are true, it would be infinitely better for the great majority of all earth's children that there were no God at all. The solitude of unbelief is sad enough, but the cruelty of the belief of partialism is infinite. G.

OUGHT THERE TO BE A STATE CHURCH?

1. No—because it is an absurdity to entrust the care of religion to Governments composed of men holding various religious opinions, and who are not even required to have any religion at all.

2. No—because every man is himself responsible to God for his religious belief, and not the Government for him.

3. No—because the people have as much right, and are quite as able to attend to their religious as to their secular affairs.

4. No—because there ought to be perfect religious equality, and not patronage and support to one or more favoured sects, and only toleration for all others.

5. No—because it is unjust to make one man pay for another man's Church.

6. No—because religion ought not to be maintained by bribes, by physical force, penalties, imprisonment or civil disqualifications; and it is by such means only that Governments can effect their purposes.

7. No—because religion should be supported by the voluntary offerings of its own friends, and not by exactions wrung by law from the whole community.

8. No—because the haughty pretensions and social exclusiveness of the clergy and members of the State Church degrade and injure all other denominations, and create jealousy and illwill.

9. No—because every Church ought to exercise the right of self-government, but a Church paid and authorised by the State must necessarily be under the control of the State.

10. No—because, finally, while State Churches violate the rights of conscience, and impose heavy pecuniary burdens and inflict other evils on the people, they have failed to advance the cause of religion, and by their false re-

presentations of its character, have led men to regard it with suspicion or disgust.

Englishmen!—how long will you allow common sense to be outraged, conscience to be violated, injustice to be done, your hard-earned money to be misapplied and wasted, and Christianity to be caricatured, by the existence and working of a State Church? You have no interest in maintaining the union between Church and State, and—regard being had to existing interests—no party could justly complain of its dissolution. And this change can be made only by Parliament, and in compliance with the expressed wishes of the people. Let the people then at once apply themselves systematically and vigorously to the great work!

MINE OWN ENEMY.

It is a common phrase, and a common truth, that some people are their own worst enemies—may be we all are. At least every one is who has power to give, and gives not; power to do, and does not. We recollect on one occasion the words of a dying man, indeed we shall never forget them; they were words of a deep contrition, of an almost heart-broken sadness. Mark this, he was an upright man, a sober man, a pure-minded man, who neither by word nor deed had injured anyone. He felt he had injured himself. How was this? He might have done more good than he had done. This he clearly saw. He might have been more generous with the wealth that had flowed upon him. Said he, "If I had life to live again, I could only wish for this—that I might be more bountiful with my riches, more open-handed, and warm-hearted towards every good cause and every deserving person." So he talked with intense feeling, with solemn earnestness. Let us now lay to heart the sincerity that one day is sure to be quickened within us, and while we have opportunity let us give liberally. This will never be repented of, and every act that contributes to strengthen a good cause, or to make happy a human heart, will add to our own pleasure, be a permanent satisfaction, and save us from the category of those who are their own enemies.

TRINITARIANISM AT THE BAR OF COMMON SENSE.

How many have been kept from searching the Scriptures to see if they teach the doctrine of the Trinity by being told that that controversy was intelligible to the learned few alone?—that it was a question of deep research and erudite discussion? How many, again, have been kept from examining it by being told that the nature of Deity is too deep a subject for man to inquire about? We can indeed know but little of that Nature; we know but little about the nature of the sun, but cannot the plainest man see whether *one* sun or *three* shine in the sky? Just as easily can any man of common sense see whether one God or three be revealed in the Bible. 'Tis a question of simple fact, not of science; and of facts that appeal to the common sense of the many. Whether Jesus of Nazareth was a man or the Lord God Almighty; whether God's forgiveness of sins be free and spontaneous, or extorted from him by the painful death of an innocent Sufferer; whether future punishment be temporary and reformatory, or vindictive and eternal, are plain and important questions which the Bible—if it is really a divine revelation—cannot have left unrevealed to the most unlearned inquirer. The incarnation of the Creator of the world in the body of a helpless child; the statement that—

"These tiny hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the starry worlds
That very moment bear."

Father Faber.

Or that

"Thou wast wounded for my guilt,
My gasping, groaning God."—*Toplady.*

are facts that must be proved by plain, and clear, and undeniable evidence, if proved they are to be.

Let us try, then, if (without any originality of either argument or expression) by simply setting side by side the broad features of Trinitarianism and Unitarianism, we cannot give reasonable men, however unlearned, a reasonable ground for making up their minds on the question.

A.—The I'hraseology of Orthodoxy.—
Trinitarianism cannot be explained

without the phrases "God the Son," "God the Holy Ghost," "God-man," "Person," "Essence," "Substance," "Co-eternal," they are necessary to modern theologians, but they were not necessary to the Apostles, and would have been unintelligible to them, and are never to be found in the Bible. What should we think of an astronomer who should begin his explanation of the Newtonian system by telling us that in *his* description of what Newton taught it was necessary to use terms of which Newton never heard? Should we not think that Newton's own words were the best fitted to express Newton's own thoughts? Should we not suspect that this peculiar necessity for a change of words was caused by some change in the ideas to be expressed? Similarly, if the Apostles really taught that to believe in a Trinity is essential to salvation, is it not strange they never spoke of a "Trinity?" If they taught that Christ was a God-man, would they not have called him "a God-man?" The mere reading of its vocabulary makes us doubt whether Trinitarianism can be Christianity.

What can be more complicated than the doctrines, what more strange than the phrases, of a Trinity in Unity and a Unity in Trinity?—of a unity of two "natures" in one "person?"—of an imputation of sin from Adam to us, and from us to Christ, and of Christ's righteousness to us? What nice distinctions, what special pleadings, what metaphysical subtleties are necessary to explain these notions!

Simplicity is always the mark of truth, and the chances are in favour of that religion which he who runs may read.

B.—The Evidences of Orthodoxy.—Trinitarians "prove" their system by quoting detached texts, torn from their context, and pieced into a whole; a verse from Matthew, stray bits from John, a disputed sentence from Romans, and the like; picking up the mangled limbs, sweeping together the shreds and patches of their system, bit by bit, from stray books of the Bible. Now, the New Testament contains twenty-seven distinct books by eight authors. If as many Trinitarian missionaries were now-a-

days to write as many works explanatory of Christianity, would the result be that their references to orthodox doctrines would be so brief and so scattered? If not, *why* would it be different? But the Unitarianism of the New Testament is not thus scattered and scanty. In every one of these twenty-seven books we can show *our* system taught, majestic and complete. There is not in the New Testament—every Trinitarian admits that there is not—one single connected and systematic exposition of Trinitarianism. If, then, the first Christians were Trinitarians, they wrote religious books in a way which no Trinitarian now imitates, and which he could not imitate without being suspected of heresy by every one. Did the Apostles "shun to declare all the counsel of God," or has that counsel been garbled since their day by the reveries of men?

Beyond the pages of the New Testament—a book about whose teachings on this matter Unitarian and Trinitarians are divided—to what witnesses does either party appeal? Unitarians appeal to the Hebrew Scriptures, and to the creation around us; and the Trinitarian concedes both to be the revelations of God, and of but One God. Trinitarians can appeal, on the other hand, only to Pagan religions, and urge—an argument which may be turned at least as easily *against* as *for* them—that in almost all great *false* religions there has been something of a Trinity. Bishop Horsley tells us of Brahma, Vishnu, and Seeva; of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; of the three Fates; the three-shaped Chimæra; and the three-headed Cerberus. We do not quarrel with the list of affinities. It proves, at most, an innate tendency of the human mind to fabricate a particular class of theological theories, namely, Trinities; and so raises a presumption for the *human*, not the divine, origin of any theory of that class. We may be surprised, but we have no reason to fear, when the Trinitarian

"Claims kindred there, and has his claim allowed."

C. — Orthodoxy Inconsistent with Christ's History.—Christ "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with

WHAT WE OWE CHILDREN.

ALL our lives we have been hearing of the debt children owe their parents ; do we think enough of what parents owe their children ? To my mind this is by far the greater question. We owe them harmonious organisations, favourable conditions, a true development ; but this is not all. Aside from these things we owe to them a debt beyond our power to estimate. If they need us materially we no less need them spiritually. I pity the man or woman who can spend an hour with a little child and not be made wiser. Children utter the only oracles, and are the most truly inspired, because the most unconscious, of teachers. By the directness and simplicity of their questions they rebuke our pretence and artificiality, constantly reminding us how much there is that we do not know ; by their loving trust they shame our doubts ; by the play of their fancy and the buoyancy of their spirits they banish our despair. Said a little seven-year-old girl, looking up musingly from the doll she was tending, "Mamma, what is the good of us, and what are we all living for ?" Could the mother answer that question without drawing near to the heart of God, feeling her own life and that of her little one sheltered in his all-embracing love ? I remember sitting one afternoon last summer in a room where a dusky little face was pressed against the window-pane, intently watching a coming thunder-storm ; suddenly it flashed around upon us with the exclamation, "Oh, mamma ! do come here and see how God is writing short-hand across the clouds."

What shadow would not be dispelled by the quaint answer of the little one who, having been naughty, was asked by her mother if she was not going to ask God to forgive her. "No, mamma ; I don't like to talk with God, for if he gets too well acquainted with me, he may want me to go and live with him and leave you."

"Who was the dark's mother ?" inquired a little boy, coming back suddenly from the border of dream-land to ask the question ; and what mother has not been startled by the solemn inquiry, "How did God begin ?"

Could any mother afford to spare out of her life the children's hour ?—not the one described by the poet—not the one that we all know so well, tinged with the last rays of sunset, deepening into the mystery of twilight, and suddenly blossoming into merriment with the incoming of the evening lamp. That is also father's and mother's hour—a care-free, happy time, interposed between the day's work and the evening's sociability ; very enjoyable, with its snatches of talk, its brief chapters from the day's experience, its ripples of laughter, and its stories murmured softly to the little ones ; very enjoyable, but not like an hour that comes later, when, having unfastened the last hook, picked out the last troublesome knot, and buttoned the comfortable nightgown over the dimpled shoulders, the mother lies down beside the little one and takes the chubby hand in hers for the good-night talk—when questions are asked and answered, grievances told and kissed away—when the naughty word or act is acknowledged, and the how and why of wrong and of right doing is explained.

This is the true confessional, approved by the angels and blessed of God ; of more value to the child than a whole library of catechisms, and with a ministration to the mother in comparison with which fasts and festivals are of small account, and even sermons and sacraments of secondary importance.

We are indebted to our children for constant incentives to noble living ; for the perpetual reminder that we do not live to ourselves alone ; for their sakes we are admonished to put from us the debasing appetite, the unworthy impulse, to gather into our lives every noble and heroic quality, every tender and attractive grace.

We owe them gratitude for the dark hours which their presence has brightened ; for the helplessness and dependence which have won us from ourselves ; for the faith and trust which it is evermore their mission to renew ; for their kisses on cheeks wet with tears, and on brows that but for that caressing had furrowed into frowns.

We bless them for the child-world which they keep open to us—the true

fairylund, where all that we once hoped and dreamed is still possible; the paradise of humanity, which they perpetually dress and keep; a paradise which, spite of the angel with the scythe and hour-glass who has driven us forth, we shall yet regain, and through all whose beatitudes a little child shall lead us.—*Victoria Magazine.*

ON THE STATE OF PARTIES IN JUDEA.

SAMUEL SHARPE.

IN the century made interesting to us by its giving birth to Christianity, the Jews were divided into several political parties and religious sects, which should be studied as a help toward understanding the New Testament.

First, the country was divided into three principal portions—Judea in the south, Samaria in the middle, and Galilee in the north. The jealousy between the Jews and Samaritans may be easily traced back to the death of Solomon, when the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh revolted, and made themselves an independent kingdom. The more northern tribes followed the fortunes of those two middle tribes; but they never felt the same enmity to Judea. So at the time of Christ the Jews of Judea hated the Samaritans, but despised the Galileans; and hence the question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth in Galilee?"

Within Judea there had always been from the time of the Assyrian and Babylonian invasions a strong division between the country party and the city party. They are called in the Old Testament, the one the men of Judah, and the other the inhabitants of Jerusalem. When the country was governed by the Greek, and then the Roman conquerors, these two political parties became religious sects, the country party had become the Pharisees, and the city party, headed by the priests, had become the Sadducees, so called from the sons of Zadok.

Another division was that which took its rise on the return of the captives from Babylon, when Cyrus, king of Persia, sent them home under the

leadership of Zerubbabel. The captives on their return boasted that they were the only true Jews, and said that those whom they found in the land were Gentiles. The captives who returned were the children of the priests and nobles; those whom they found in the land were the children of the poor, whom Nebuchadnezzar had not carried into captivity, but had left behind to till the soil. From that time till the time of Christ this unkind division had been jealously kept up by the rulers. An outer court on the Temple-hill had been rudely set apart for the use of the despised poor, of Galileans, when any came up to Jerusalem, and of foreigners, when any were converted to the worship of Jehovah.

To add to the insult, that outer court, the court of the Gentiles, was allowed to be used as a market. In Revelations xi. we are told that the court of the Gentiles is not to be measured as a part of the Temple. In Acts xxi. also the court of the Gentiles is spoken of as no part of the Temple. Trophimus, the Ephesian, might worship there, but Paul is accused of taking him beyond this into the Temple, or rather the Temple-yard. The writer of Ezekiel xliii., a late addition to that book, takes the more generous view of the subject, and says, "Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy." He thus includes the court of the Gentiles within the limits of the Temple.

With this sketch of the political parties, with Samaritans hated, the Galileans despised, all the poor of Jerusalem told that they were not true Jews, we can understand how the populace was stirred up when Jesus of Nazareth preached his religion of humanity. When, followed by an admiring crowd, he entered the Temple-yard to worship, in the court of the Gentiles, which, as a Galilean, was the only place that he and his followers might enter, he naturally expressed his displeasure at finding it given up to the dealers, and defiled by the cattle. Not many words from him would be needed to rouse the anger of the crowd, to make them claim

God and man." If his human and divine natures formed but one person, was this increase of wisdom possible? And how could one person of the Trinity increase in favour with the others? Christ, too, prayed even when alone. A praying deity is an inconceivable combination. Why should *He* pray who is Lord of all power and might? Christ prayed always to the Father. Why did he never pray to the Holy Ghost? Why never to the Trinity? Why never to his own supposed Divine nature? Even if you allege—as some Trinitarians do—that he prayed only for the sake of example to his followers, it will still result that his example enjoins only *Unitarian* prayers; and that example the Apostles obeyed. Even when Stephen, *seeing* Christ in the opened heavens, committed his soul to him as the appointed reviver of the dead, he distinguished the act from one of worship by afterwards *kneeling* to pray to God.

Go, Trinitarian, see Christ weep at the grave of Lazarus, sorrow at the approach of death, sweat, and bleed, and stay his sinking mind by prayer, and die. Was he who suffered thus, conscious that he had created all things, that he was then supporting all things, and that his every word, and wish, and thought was omnipotent? Does not Trinitarianism require that the Gospel history should be written not only in other *words*—that we have already shown—but that its narrative should be of other and widely different *events*? Say that he went through all this only “as a man,” it avails your argument nothing, for had that man been *one person with God* he would not have so spoken, felt, acted, or suffered; nor could he have been raised and exalted. His strength could not have been shaken; his glory could not have been increased.

Christ consoled and comforted his disciples before his crucifixion, in a discourse so minutely recorded as to occupy three chapters of John's gospel. What could have been more consoling than to know that that crucifixion was essential to human salvation, and would atone for the sins of all mankind? Did he console them by this declaration?

No; he dwelt upon every other means of comfort, and passed over in silence the topic which, had it been true, was the most comforting of all. C. S. K.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

LONDON CHURCHES.

LORD HOUGHTON.

I STOOD, one Sunday morning,
Before a large church door,
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score—
From one outstepped a lady
I oft had seen before.
Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set—
But above the cross there glistened
A golden coronet.
For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide;
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide—
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.
But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline—
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.
The few free seats were crowded,
Where she could rest and pray;
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array—
“God's house holds no poor sinners,”
She sighed, and crept away.
Old Heathendom's vast temples
Held men of every fate;
The steps of far Benares
Commingle small and great;
The dome of St. Sophia
Confounds all human state;
The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year;
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear,
To use God's house in freedom,
Each man the other's peer.
Save only in that England,
Where this disgrace I saw;
England, where no one crouches
In tyranny's base awe;
England, where all are equal
Beneath the eye of Law.
Who shall relieve the scandal
That desecrates our age?—
An evil great as ever
Iconoclastic rage!
Who to this Christian people
Restore their heritage?

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

THE NEW CATHOLICS.—We learn from the *Globe* report that the New and Universal Catholic Church will "assert the infallibility, in a certain sense, of every man." A great many persons, of both sexes, consider themselves admirably qualified, in this respect, at least, for membership in the New Catholic Church.

HOME SWEET HOME.—A married lady who is in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbours, happened to be taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, and then returned, exclaiming; "My dear, where shall I find you when I come back?"

THE TRUE INDEPENDENT.—We are glad that the Independents sustain manfully their freedom in Church matters. Witness the following rebuke:—At a meeting of congregational ministers, one gentleman, who stated that he had been eastward with his "superintendent," was interrupted by a brother clergyman, who asked if he meant his wife.

IS CHRIST WITHIN?—It is told of a man poorly dressed, that he went to church seeking an opportunity to worship. The usher did not notice him, but seated several well-dressed persons who presented themselves, when finally the man addressed the usher, saying: "Can you tell me whose church this is?" "Yes, this is Christ's Church." "Is he in?" was the next question, after which a seat was not so hard to find.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY TO THE CHOIR.—One Sunday, after the choir at Oberlin had sung without distinctly pronouncing the words, Pres. Finney, in his prayer, alluded to the choir as follows: "O Lord, we have sung an anthem to thy praise. Thou knowest the words, but we do not. We pray thee that those who thus led us may open their mouths that we may join in thy praise. May they not sing to be heard of men. May they not mock Thee and offend thy people or the house of God by making a display of themselves."

IN LONDON.—It has often been remarked that the streets of London level all distinctions; the peer and the peasant are equally unknown and unhonoured there. Perhaps the best specimen of this fact is that of the London cabman's retort to the head of the Highland clan Mackintosh. "Do you know who I am?" asked the haughty Highlander of a cabman attempting, as Mackintosh thought, to overcharge him; "I'm the Mackintosh." "I don't care," said the cabby, "if you were the umbrella, I mean to have my fare."

HELPING THE MINISTER.—"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman. "What was that?" inquired a friend. "It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to try to understand every word I said. She was a great help to me." Think of that, my little ones; and when you go to church, or chapel, fix your eyes on the minister and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to the grown up people.

THE LAST WORDS OF GUIZOT.—The late M. Guizot, the great French historian and statesman, left a dying statement of his Christian faith, in which occurs this pregnant passage in regard to knowledge and dogma, which is peculiarly appropriate in this era: "I bow," says he, "before the mysteries of the Bible and the Gospel, and I hold aloof from scientific discussion and solutions by which men have attempted to explain them. I trust that God permits me to call myself a Christian, and I am convinced that in the light which I am about to enter we shall fully discern the purely human origin and vanity of most of our discussions here below on divine things."

THE LONG JOURNEY.—It is said that one of our kings, who kept a court fool, said to him as he found himself dying, "I am going a long journey." The fool replied, "I do not believe it, sire." "Why?" said the king. The jester replied, "You never took a journey without making preparations; for this I have seen no preparation." We are reminded of this again in the following dialogue:—"The Boss is dead and gone to heaven," said one clerk to another, upon the demise of their employer. "I don't believe it," was the reply. "When master was going anywhere, he always talked about it a good deal beforehand, but I never heard him say a word about going to heaven!"

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Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.